



THE
MISERY of MAN.



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The Misery of Man.

BEING
The SUBSTANCE of TWO
SERMONS,

Preach'd at

St. P A U L's

COVENT-GARDEN,

On the 25th of NOVEMBER,
AND

On the 16th of DECEMBER,

MDCCXXII.

By HENRY GALLY, *M. A.*
LECTURER of the said PARISH,
and RECTOR of WANDEN in
the County of BUCKS.

H. G.
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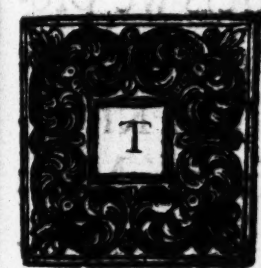
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J O B Chap. v. Verse 7.

*Tet Man is born unto Trouble,
as the Sparks fly up-
ward.*



H E R E is nothing which is more apt to swell the Hearts of Men with Pride, than the great Notions which they commonly entertain of the Dignity of their Nature. --- To be Lords of a whole Creation, to have the Use of Speech; to be endow'd with rational Faculties, and to be capable of sublime Pleasures here, and of eternal Happiness hereafter, are high
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Privileges, which flatter our vain Imagination, and make us fancy ourselves something more than Men.

BUT tho' our weak Eyes may be dazzled by the Greatness of this Prospect, yet it must be confess'd, that this is but a partial and imperfect View of humane Nature; and unless we proceed further in our Enquiries, we shall never arrive to a full Knowledge of the real State of Man: And this Ignorance, having always Pride and Self-Conceit for its inseparable Attendants, will naturally lead us into numberless Errors, unless it be prevented in Time.

THE real State of humane Nature is such, that it may truly be said that Man is a Chaos of
Good

Good and Evil : He has his Failings as well as his Virtues, his Imperfections as well as his Excellencies. And therefore, lest the Self-Opinion of Men should exalt them above measure, it will be highly necessary to oppose these Failings to those Virtues, these Imperfections to those Excellencies, and to confound the pretended Dignity of their Nature, by exposing their real Weakness and Infirmary.

To do this is the Design of the following Discourse : I propose to humble the Pride of Man, by representing his many and great Imperfections, and to lead him to his real Happiness, by convincing him that *he is born unto Trouble, as the Sparks fly upward.*

THE Word, which we translate *Trouble*, bears a greater Latitude in the Original: And according to this Extent the whole Text may, very consistently with the Context, be render'd thus: *But verily Man is born unto Misery, as the Sparks fly upward.*

MAN is doom'd to be wretched by the general Law of Nature; and his Wretchedness is so great, that the Truth of the Assertion in the Text might be verified in a thousand Respects. But I shall only offer three general Reflections on the State of Man in this World, which will sufficiently answer my present Design, and fully demonstrate the Assertion in my Text.

REFLECTION I.

THAT Man is liable to many Evils, and is capable of enjoying but little Good.

REFLECTION II.

THAT the Desires of Man are infinite ; but his Capacities are only finite.

REFLECTION III.

THAT Reason is the distinguishing Characteristic between Man and Beast ; and yet this Reason fails us, when we stand most in need of its Assistance.

As the Sources of Greatness, of Dignity, and of Happiness, must necessarily arise from a right Use of our intellectual Faculties, from an exact Harmony between
our

our Capacities and the several Objects of our Enjoyment, or from the actual Sensations of Pleasures; these Reflections, which I have propos'd, will comprize the whole Foundation of all the Happiness which we can expect in this World: So that if, from the Nature of things and common Experience, it appears that Man is really miserable in these Respects, it will be in vain for him to pretend to be happy in others. To proceed then:

I.

THE first Reflection which I make on the Misery of humane Nature is, That Man is liable to many Evils, and is capable of enjoying but little Good.

THE Sentence of Mortality,
 v which was pass'd upon us in
Adam,

Adam, was very terrible : But yet it was a Blessing, in Comparison of its dismal Consequences. The whole World was curs'd for our sake; and we, in our State of Condemnation, are become liable to numberless Diseases, both in our Body, and in our Soul.

As soon as we come into the World, Nature points out our future Misery, by the early Prelude of our infant Cries. --- We are subject to Distempers in all the Parts of our Life : Youth has its burning Fevers, and old Age has its Aches and Throbs. The various Stages of Life are distinguish'd by their peculiar Pains : Neither is present Health or Vigor any Security against the common Disorders of our Body.

THE very Frame of our Nature is so frail and crazy, that it tends perpetually to a Dissolution. Corruption is our Father; and every Day, which we behold, works within us some Change, which tends to hasten our Return to our primitive Dust.

BESIDES the various internal Causes which distract our Constitution, there are as many from without, which conspire to work the same Effect. --- An irregular Season is attended with equal Disorders in our Health; an infected Air corrupts our Body; and the many ill Events which happen by Chance, or which are caus'd by our own Folly and Intemperance, all contribute to load us with new Diseases and Pains.

THE whole World is no better than a general Infirmary. Physicians have tried, but tried in vain, to enumerate the many Diseases which are incident to a humane Body. Those which they are ignorant of are many more than those which they know; but yet those which they can cure are still fewer than those which their Art has discover'd. And thus has Nature made us liable to bodily Diseases and Pains, without Number, without Name, and without Cure.

BUT Man is a compounded Creature; he has a Soul as well as a Body, and *that* has its peculiar Diseases and Pains as well as *this*. Life is subject to infinite Vicissitudes, and the least Disappointment is able to ruffle our

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present Calm. The Absence or Loss of that which we are well assur'd we cannot keep, makes humane Philosophy stagger; and our Reason is put to the Blush, almost every time that 'tis put to a Tryal. --- We are oppress'd and dejected at the least accidental Misfortune; and these Disorders of the Mind, as they are more frequent, so are they more sensible to humane Nature: For bodily Pain may find some Relief in a compos'd and sedate Mind; but when the Soul itself suffers, where shall we find a Cure? *The Spirit of a Man will sustain his Infirmary: But a wounded Spirit who can bear?* Prov. 18. 14.

As then we are the Sons of Corruption, our Body is subject to Pain; and as we bear the Image of an immortal Spirit, our

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Soul is liable to the Sensations of Sorrow and Anguish. And 'tis the intimate Union of these two Substances which, in some measure, makes our Misery greater. For, whatever Alteration either of them suffers, they communicate to each other by a mutual Sympathy of Pain as well as of Pleasure. On the one hand, the Disorders of our Body are painful to our Soul; and on the other hand, the Anguish of our Soul convulses our Features; and our spiritual Sorrows find present Ease from those Tears which cause Pain to our Eyes.

THIS Description of the State of Man, as to the first Branch of my Reflection, has in some measure anticipated the other: For since we are liable to so many Diseases, both in our Body

and in our Soul; and since, whilst we are under the actual Sense of Pain, we are incapable of receiving any Pleasure, it necessarily follows, that the Good which we can enjoy in this Life must be very inconsiderable. For if we deduct from our whole Life, that Part of it which is buried in the Insensibility of Sleep, that which is spent in providing for the Necessaries of Life, and that in which we actually suffer, but a very little Share of Life will be left for any Enjoyment,

BUT if to all this we add the Consideration of the Nature of those Pleasures which this World affords, the foregoing Reflection will appear true, even to a Demonstration.

T H E

THE Enjoyments of this World owe most of the Pleasure which they afford to our own Blindness and Ignorance ; for of themselves they are empty and vain. That Veil of Charms, which our Senses put before our Reason, hinders us from penetrating into their Nature, and seeing that they have nothing real and solid in them. They put a Cheat upon us in almost every Instance of Life ; and if, for the present, they are *sweet as Honey to our Mouth*, 'tis but to cause afterwards a greater *Bitterness in our Belly*.

THERE is nothing in this World which Man can fix upon as a real Good. Every thing is short-liv'd, precarious, uncertain. Pleasure vanishes in Enjoyment,
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our Pursuits after it are uneasy,
and its Consequences are Pain.

NATURE seems to have
mark'd out but little, or rather
no Boundaries between Good
and Evil; *for even in Laughter
the Heart is sorrowful*; and some
few Modifications change Plea-
sure into Pain. Grace has made
no Alterations in our natural
State; but one continued Scene
of Pain is laid out for us, from
our Cradle to our Grave; for
*Man is as certainly born unto
Misery as the Sparks fly upward.*

II.

THE second Reflection which
I propos'd to make on the Mi-
sery of humane Nature is, that
the Desires of Man are infinite,
but his Capacities are only finite.

M A N

M A N has an infinite Thirst after Knowledge, and vainly strives to obtain a universal Comprehension: But the least Branch of the Knowledge of Nature confounds all his intellectual Faculties; and the greatest Improvements, which he makes, only serve to render his Ignorance more sensible.

T H E R E is nothing more useful and more necessary to Man, than the Knowledge of himself; and yet there is nothing which he is more ignorant of, or which he is less capable of understanding. We are confounded by ourselves: Our natural World is so nice and delicate in its Constitution, that it seems to shun the Discoveries of the most prying Naturalists; and

and our moral World is such an Abyſs of Corruption, that our weak Reason looks upon it with Horror, without being able to diſcover either the Cauſe, or the Cure of it.

THE Sphere of our Knowledge is circumscrib'd within infinitely narrow Bounds. As for the History of past Ages, we must entirely depend on the Authority of others: Where *this* fails, there the Want of proper Records necessarily leaves us in a profound and inevitable Ignorance.—And even in those Cases, in which Time has been more favourable, in preserving Testimonies concerning past Facts; even there, I say, as these Testimonies come from the Hands of frail Men, who were themselves liable to Error, it often happens, that

that what is positively affirm'd by one, is as stiffly deny'd by another ; so that this Uncertainty, affording but a small Foundation of real Knowledge, becomes another Source of inevitable Ignorance. --- 'Tis not a bare Affirmation or Negation which are the proper Grounds of Belief : There are certain Circumstances of Veracity as to an Author, and peculiar Characters of Truth as to a Matter reported, without the Concurrence of which a reasonable Man cannot, ought not to give his Assent : Now where these are not to be found, as they seldom are, after all our Enquiries we must return again to our primitive Ignorance.

THE Desire of Power claims the next Place to the Desire of Knowledge ; and *that* is so extravagant

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travagant and unruly, that we always covet more Strength and Power than we can enjoy.

THE Desire of Power is an Affection of the Mind, which Nature itself has planted within us for necessary Ends: This Desire, consider'd in itself, shews our Weakness; the Extravagancy of it shews our Impotency; and both the Regularity and the Abuse of it demonstrate our Misery.

MAN swells himself to an imaginary Bigness, and vainly fancies himself as great in Bulk as his Power is extensive. This makes him grasp at new Acquisitions, and endeavour to aggrandize himself by depressing others: But this acquir'd Strength and Power has no Existence but in

in our Imagination ; so that if it were possible to satisfy our Desires of Power, this would be so far from making us really greater and stronger, that, on the contrary, it would only serve to expose our Weakness and Vanity.

BUT 'tis impossible ever to satisfy our Desire of Power ; and 'tis this which makes us egregiously miserable : For our Desire of Power is really no other than a Desire of that, which we do not now possess, and which we never shall : So that the Object of this Affection of the Mind being always at an infinite Distance from us, or rather having no Existence in Nature, we lie under an absolute Incapacity of ever enjoying it ; and consequently we must, of Necessity, be mi-

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serable,

serable, as long as we entertain this Desire.

THIS is true in Experience as well as in Theory. Misery and Ambition are inseparable Companions. The greatest Conquerors have always been the most miserable Men. 'Tis not this Nation or that Kingdom only which they have in View: Their Ambition is boundless; and the whole World is nothing to him who has conquer'd it all.

III.

THE *third* and *last* Reflection, which I propos'd to make on the Misery of humane Nature, is, That Reason is the distinguishing Characteristic between Man and Beast, and yet this Reason fails us when we stand

stand most in need of its Assistance.

THE Perfection of humane Nature consists in the Knowledge of Truth. Reason was given us to obtain this Knowledge ; but yet, by a strange Reverse of Things, Reason itself is become as uncertain as Truth, and as inconstant as our Nature.

EVERY Man has his particular Reason: And tho' this is often different from the Reason of others, and oftner different from itself ; yet are we so weak and unreasonable as to desire, that our Judgment should be the Standard of other Men's Belief, tho' it frequently happens that our present Persuasion is no more than a borrow'd Opinion.

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THAT Place which we hold in Nature, is a middle State between those Beings who act by an intuitive Knowledge, and those who are directed by Sense and Instinct. As we, in some measure, partake of the Privileges of these two Orders of created Beings, 'tis possible for Man to obtain a certain Knowledge of that Truth which is founded on Intuition and Instinct; But as for those Truths which are discover'd by the Help of intermediate Ideas, by Deductions and Consequences, we are left to the Direction of Reason, which being no infallible *Criterion* of Truth, after all our Enquiries, we are still left uncertain and liable to Error. And as these Truths are those which we are most concern'd to know, our Uncertainty

certainty in these Points must make our present State, in the main, very wretched and very miserable.

GREAT is the Power of Truth ; but yet it must be confess'd, that it has not Strength enough, in all Cases, to force a Conviction upon our Understanding. And therefore, since Truth is not convictive in all Cases, 'tis still left to the Scrutiny of Reason, to discover Truth from Falshood, and to determine the Degrees of Certainty in particular Cases.

TRUTH has infinite Beauties ; but yet our Knowledge of them depends, in a great measure, on our own Disposition, which is liable to be corrupted by numberless Prejudices : Our Will imposes on our Understanding ;
and

and we are apt to fancy *that* to be true, which we desire should be so. There is an infinite Number of Causes which conspire to pervert our Judgment, and to lead our mistaken Reason into Error. I shall beg Leave to lay before you those that are most worthy of Observation.

First, One general Principle of Error is *Education*: As soon as we come into the World, we are taught to think, and act, as our Forefathers have done before us: Their Fancy is to be the Standard of our Judgment. By this means the Liberty of our Reason is prevented, and in our Infancy we are robb'd of that Freedom of Thought, which is our only Preservative against Error.

W H E N

WHEN we arrive at Man's Estate, we are said to come to Years of Discretion: But alas! the Principles of right Judgment have been stifled and corrupted in our tender Years, and Time cannot of itself restore to us our lost Reason.

THIS Principle of Error is settled and establish'd throughout the whole World. We spend our short Life in a Series of Thoughts and Actions, which are the Product of a Set of receiv'd Opinions, whose Truth and Authority is generally derived from nothing but a paternal Sanction. And thus we go on, till our hoary Head is laid in the Grave, loaded with the same Prejudices and Errors, which had been taught us in our Cradle.

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Secondly, Another general Principle of Error is the *Law of Opinion*. This shews its Power in every Instance of Life. 'Tis not only an effectual Bar to the Knowledge of Truth; it has so great an Influence over our Mind, that it becomes even a Principle of reputed Virtue to our corrupted Nature.

REASON submits when *Opinion* commands; and in those hazardous and dreadful Instances of Life, which humane Nature looks upon with Horror, when all other Motives would have prov'd ineffectual, *Opinion* becomes a prevailing Principle of Action.

ALL Men are Sinners; and, as such, they ought to tremble

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at the Thoughts of Death ; but yet, by a strange Principle of Error, the *Law of Opinion* is more dreadful to Man, than even *the King of Terrors*.

THOSE reputed Heroes, who, without being Cannon Proof, have willingly expos'd themselves to the Dangers of a sudden Death, did not engage in those hazardous Parts, because they really despis'd Death, but because they fear'd Death less than the *Opinion* of Men. For what is the Reason that Death seems to be despis'd when 'tis courted, but fear'd when it comes of itself ? Is it because the former Case carries less Horror in it than the latter ? No certainly : For all considering Men will readily confess, that a natural Death is less terrible, and rather to be desir'd, than a violent

lent one. The true Reason therefore of the perverse Behaviour of Men, in these critical Instances, can be no other than this: The World has annex'd the Titles of Glory and Honour to those, who court an unnecessary Death; but no Reputation is allow'd to those, who, out of Necessity, submit to the Laws of Mortality.

Thirdly, Self-Love is another potent Principle of Error, which helps to blind our Reason. It serves as a strong Bias to our Judgment: And when we are under the Influence and Direction of this Principle, we are less concern'd for the real Knowledge of Truth, than for the gratifying and promoting of our selfish Views. And thus both Reason
and

and Truth become a Sacrifice to our immoderate *Self-Love*.

THIS Principle acts within us ; it lies secret and hid ; and is upon that very Account a most effectual Cause of Error. It creates within us a certain inexpressible Fondness for our own Opinions, and makes us look upon them as so many eternal Truths, never to be departed from. By this means the Inlets of Truth are for ever shut up, and we become to ourselves a Source of infinite Errors.

Self-Love is a Principle which Nature itself has planted within us, for our own Preservation and Good. But in our State of Corruption 'tis become so extravagant, that Experience proves it to be the greatest Enemy

my that we have. It perverts our Judgment, and blinds our Reason, by Self-Prejudices, and false Appearances of Truth.

BESIDE the Knowledge of Truth, there is another great Instance, in which our Reason egregiously fails us. There is a perpetual Contest between our rational and our sensual Nature; and Reason ought to have the Ascendant, but Sense generally prevails. Reason proves but a weak Instrument to quell a Tumult of Passions, which ruffle our Mind, and disorder the whole Frame of our Nature. The War is unequal, and Time has a greater Power over our Passions than Reason has.

OUR Happiness in this World depends on the Conquest of our

our Passions, which Reason being seldom able to perform, we find ourselves destitute of that Assistance which we depended on, and Nature leaves us in an abject State of Wretchedness and Misery.

BUT this is not all. Unassisted Reason leaves us uncertain in the main Points which relate to our future Happiness. Since the Happiness of Man depends on the Knowledge of his chief Good, on the Immortality of the Soul, and on the Certainty of a future State of Rewards and Punishments; one might be apt to think that Reason should afford us, in these Points, such clear Light and Evidence, as would banish all Doubts and Uncertainties. But Experience does not answer to this Theory. Un-

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assisted Reason has never been able to settle and confirm these Principles, in such a Manner, as to take away all Doubtings, even from those who were persuaded of the Truth of them. In the Heathen World these Points have all along been Matters of Debate: Men have disputed for and against them; they have given the Lie to one another; and what is more, they have contradicted themselves.

'Tis in vain that we seek for Certainty in these Points by the bare Light of Nature, which at best only makes them probable. 'Tis in vain that we endeavour to arrive at an imaginary State of Perfection, free from all Doubtings and Errors: Truth has not Strength enough to force
itself

itself upon us; and Reason is no infallible Guide.

M A N, therefore, finds his Misery, even in that, in which he places the Dignity of his Nature. Reason is the only Help, which Nature has given him to attain to the Knowledge of Truth, and to direct him in the Conduct of himself; but Reason fails him, when he stands most in need of its Assistance. 'Tis generally perverted, by the Impressions of Youth, by the Opinions of others, and by our own Self-interest. 'Tis weak, and unable to resist a Torrent of boisterous Passions, and it leaves us doubtful and uncertain, in those great Truths, on which our real and eternal Happiness depends.

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T H E S E

THESE are the Reflections which I intended to make on this Subject, and they abundantly shew the Misery of Man. There remains nothing, but that we should collect our Thoughts into one general Picture, of the Weakness, Baseness, and Misery of humane Nature, and shew what a Contrast Faith and Religion will give to this Representation.

WE can scarce say that we are come into the World, when we must go out of it.

THE Days of Man are as a Shadow. He is miserable in the Shortness of his Life; and this makes him covet an imaginary Existence in the Memory of others, who are as short-liv'd,

liv'd, and as wretched, as himself. This shews his Baseness, and proclaims his Misery.

WHAT is the Reason, that Man endeavours to grasp past and future Time, by recalling that, and anticipating this? Is it not a Sense of present Misery, that makes us shun what immediately concerns us, and forces us to fly to those Times, of which the Miseries are either forgot, or may never happen?

MAN is liable to a thousand Misfortunes, which he has neither Foresight to prevent, nor Strength to bear with Patience.

THE Soul of Man is that which makes him superior to the Beasts of the Field. And yet 'tis the Union of our Soul with

our Body, that makes us sensible to the Pain of bodily Distempers. Man therefore finds his Misery, even in that which constitutes his real Greatness.

THERE is an infinite Disproportion between our Desires and our Capacities; but yet, in our present State of Ignorance, it would still be some Comfort, if *those* were always directed towards the Attainment of real Truth. But Man is insensible of his own Littleness, and this makes him suffer his Desires to wander extravagantly towards those things, which cannot make him either more knowing, or more happy. Our learned Labours often tend to nothing less, than the real Knowledge of Things: We only desire to learn what others have thought on them.

them. And then, as if this Globe was not big enough for our Capacities, we extend our Thoughts to the boundless Regions of Space : We form Worlds, Nations, Kingdoms, and People in the Air ; and many times, whilst we are profoundly ignorant of the common Offices of Life, we very prudently settle the Government of the planetary Worlds.

M A N being sensible of his natural Ignorance and Weakness, has Recourse to the Supplies of Art : But Art can afford him no Supplies, without shewing him, at the same time, the Misery of his Nature. For when we seek to instruct our Ignorance by new Acquisitions of Knowledge, and to strengthen our Weakness by the Support of others, both
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our acquir'd Knowledge, and
our borrow'd Strength, point
out to us our real Ignorance
and Weakness.

MAN, in his natural State,
is continually floating between
Right and Wrong. Nature, of
itself, can never ascertain the
Reality of Truth, but that will
still be look'd upon as Truth,
which we believe to be so. Our
Reason and our Fancy mutually
supplant each other: And this
Day we are infallibly certain of
that, which we shall, at least,
doubt of to-morrow. Thus our
fancied Knowledge of Truth be-
comes, with other things, sub-
ject to the Revolutions of Time.
For Truth has seldom any other
Foundation, than the Strength
of our present Persuasion: So
that when this happens to grow
weak,

weak, or to vanish, that, of course, will undergo much the same Fate. Yesterday Opinion made us Dogmatists, to-day Reason makes us Sceptics, and to-morrow Experience will make us Infidels. The Principles of our Belief are subject to Vicissitude, as well as other things; Opinion is confounded by Reason, and Reason itself is confounded by the Experience of Time.

M A N cannot attain to a full Knowledge of his real State by the bare Light of Nature. Reason clearly discovers the Disorders of our Nature; but it cannot discover, either the Spring from whence they arise, or the Remedy which can effectually cure them. And thus all the Assistance, which our Reason affords

fords us, can only serve to make us more wretched. For a bare Knowledge of our Misery naturally leads us to Despair; and nothing can possibly prevent us from falling into this Condition, but a certain Prospect of an infallible Cure, which yet Nature does not point out to us.

NATURE and GRACE point out to us our Misery: We see the very Original in our own Corruption; and the Greatness of it is represented to us in the Greatness of our Redemption.

'Tis impossible to conceal our Misery; for Nature will shew itself in spite of all our Arts. And though the Symptoms of our Corruption may be different, yet they all equally

ly tend to demonstrate the Certainty of our Distemper.

T H O S E who have studied their own Heart, and have fully known all its Motions and Sentiments, express the Sense of their own Misery by their Humility; whilst others, who have not studied themselves, express the same Sense of Misery by their Vanity and Pride.

T H E general Laws of Nature have made us miserable: Unwilling to know our Wretchedness we shun ourselves: But this Ignorance can only serve to increase our Misery. For 'tis a lively Sense of our own Vileness and Imperfection only, which can effectually induce us to have recourse to that universal Relief, which Religion has

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provided for all our Misfortunes.

F A I T H gives a new Turn to things ; and even in the Abyſs of our Miſery Revelation makes us ſee our preſent Wretchedneſs, infinitely counterbalanc'd by a future greater Happineſs.

I F this Life is ſhort, precarious, and uncertain, F A I T H points out to us another Life, fixt and certain, as to its Happineſs ; and eternal, as to its Duration.

I F we aim at perfect Happineſs in this World, we form a Deſign which has no Foundation in Nature. Our preſent State, at beſt, is chequer'd with more Evil than Good. If we can make Life, with all its Inconveniences,

conveniencies, but tolerable and easy, we shall meet with greater Success, than most of our Fellow-Creatures. But FAITH promises another Life, in which *all Tears will be wip'd off*, and all Sighs will be banish'd. We shall all be perfectly happy; because we shall then enjoy those good things, for the sake of which the Strength of our Virtue was tried, and in Hope of which we endur'd all the Miseries of this Life with Patience and Resignation.

IF now our Capacities are finite, and our Desires infinite, FAITH points out to us a future State, in which our Capacities will be enlarg'd, and our boundless Desires will meet with full Satisfaction, in the Enjoyment of an infinite Being.

IF now we wander in a Maze of Prejudices and Errors, without having receiv'd from Nature any Guide, but a weak and generally mistaken Reason, FAITH points out to us another State, from which all Prejudices, Errors, and Uncertainties will be banish'd. Our intellectual Faculties will be directed by Intuition. *We shall see God as he is, and all other things as they are.*

IF, to supply the Necessities of our present Nature, we are forc'd to use Objects of Sense, which at the same time administer fresh Fuel to our enraged Passions, FAITH points out to us a Place, where our spiritual Nature will be the sole Umpire. There will be no Contest between Sense and Reason, and
no

no Passion will prevail but an eternal Love.

I F now we are the Sons of Corruption, and our Weakness and Vileness answer to our material Extraction; if the present Union between Soul and Body must be broke, and our dear wretched Bones must return to that Dust, from whence they were first form'd, FAITH points out to us *a new Heaven and a new Earth*, where our *vile Body* will be made *glorious*, bright, and shining as the Sun. Our Soul will inform a spiritualiz'd Nature: *Corruption will put on Incorruption*, and Mortality will be swallow'd up by Immortality.

'T IS impossible for Words to describe what Eye has never
+ seen.

seen. But in the removing of that Scene, which parts Time and Eternity, FAITH opens our Eyes, and makes us estimate all the Troubles and Afflictions of this World light, and *unworthy to be compar'd with those Rewards of Virtue, which will then be reveal'd* by an actual Possession of them.

THE Miseries of Nature will be forgot and confounded in the Glories of Grace: Virtue alone shall then be happy: No Variety of Passions will then subsist to distract our Breast; or if they shall subsist, they will not be attended with any Mixture of Pain: Our Desires will not raise any Uneasiness, neither will our Fears excite in us any Sentiments of Horror: We shall be perfectly happy in the Enjoyment
of

of GOD; and this Happiness will be infinitely great and lasting: Its Greatness will answer our most eager Desires, and it will last as long as the immortal Object of our Love.

F I N I S.



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